

BURLESK
EDITION

The Colonnade

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VOL. X.

GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA. MAY 20, 1935.

NUMBER 23.

Work Begun on \$2,000,000 Gymnasium

Paper Staff Walks Out In a Body

Angry Cubs Stage A
Dramatic Exit In
Sunday's Action

BULLETIN

The editor of the Bungleate stated 17 minutes and thirty nine seconds ago that she has forgiven all and is ready to welcome the staff back with open arms. She has also changed her mind—it's a woman's privilege, you know—about the copyrighted article that was to appear in all the semi-century papers in the country and says that it will not be written. At least, not until she finds out the reaction of the staff members.

The entire Colonnade staff dropped their typewriters and pencils yesterday in the midst of getting the paper ready for the press and staged a very dramatic if not very effective walk-out. At this time only one member of the staff has given out any information concerning the wholesale protest against the hard life of journalists, and that does not seem to be the truth. Or at least not the whole truth.

The would-be-journalist, giving information incognito on threat of her life, said that dissatisfaction had been brooding for several weeks under the whip hand of the editor and the staff finally had to resign or lose all signs of self-respect. She also stated to a dumb member of the journalism class who was forced to take up the work of the paper where the typewriters and pencils had been dropped yesterday that threats had been made against the editor by over-worked staff members. (Continued on page 4)

Dr. Wyndyman is Hailed in Court To Answer Charge

Dr. William T. Wyndyman propelled his tall, slightly stooped figure before the august personage of Judge Walterkon Walter this morning in the city court to answer charges of playing fiddle winks while under the influence of strong apple cider, according to the charges preferred. Dr. Wyndyman, as he sauntered up to the judge's platform still walked with that "dignified lurch," no doubt suffering from the effects of his escapade.

Judge Walter refused the huge bribe offered him by the defendant, although he eyed it with interest.

(Continued on page 4)

ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF GYMNASIUM



Front and Side View of New Building

Seniors Come to Front with New Freedom

Special privileges for the seniors and the entire student body have been announced by the newly elected Dean of Women.

As previously announced the seniors will occupy Ennis Hall. Week-end house parties will be encouraged. The young men friends will be billeted in the "Penthouse." If Georgia votes for repeal a fully equipped bar, modern in every detail, will be installed in the rec hall. All grades for members of the senior class will go into the office of the registrar six weeks after the opening of the first quarter and must not be lower than a "C." Degrees will be awarded on the basis of the grades turned in at that time and the following quarters will be spent in preparation for the "Last Round-Up" otherwise known as Commencement.

General privileges which will be extended to the entire student body include:

All students who are not on the Dean's list may attend the show as often as they like when not in classes. Classes will be automatically dismissed for performance of such outstanding stars as Mae West and

(Continued on page 4)

Bedication

To "Ras" who wields a wicked line (o-type), the editors respectfully dedicate this issue of the Colonnade. For the encouragement he has given, for the endearing messages he has incorporated in the middle of good news stories (alas, the poor proof-reader), and for the very attractive, if inappropriate heads he has written we are most appreciative. Above all, we are deeply grateful for his never exhausted supply of rubber type, without which we could never have survived the year as would-be editors. May the day never come when we write a perfect head, for that would surely be fatal to the best linotype operator who ever slipped a hot "slug" into the hand of an unsuspecting "cub".

35-36 Courses Promise to be Inspirational

The Board of Flunkies has just completed the construction of the curriculum for the year of 1935-36. Much care and consideration has been given in regard to individual differences and individual desires for success. This curriculum program is hereby presented to the entire student body. If any one person doesn't approve of the courses, a snap of the finger will "throw them all out." The Board of Flunkies will again retire to a respected boudoir to ponder and peruse the gallery of human minds. In other words, the students can learn according to their own dictation.

The first course will be a special course in gardening for all of these little pansies and petunias. All requests will be answered for those wanting four roses. Clipped words will bring the flowers!

Next, and the Board absolutely advocates this as the most important course of all, is a full time course in sleeping. However, circumstances have deemed it wise to place a few restrictions hereby: anybody caught snoring or rather, heard snoring will be summoned before Bedfellows' Council and forced to buy an alarm

(Continued on page 4)

New Pool to be Finished Next Month

Mysterious Mr. X Is
Anonymous Donor
Of Building Funds

Work was begun last week on the \$2,000,000 gymnasium for the students at this institution, which, when completed, will be known throughout the country as the most magnificent building of its kind. Tentative plans call for its completion the middle of June.

Workmen are laboring night and day so as to have this magnificent structure ready for the use of the students at summer school. Three hundred men are working in three shifts daily in order to finish the building.

The building was made possible by the kindness and generosity of some poor soul who passed from this world into the next and left the money for the gymnasium.

The donor still remains anonymous, though many think they know his identity. The conditions in regard to the money are the gym must be built immediately and absolutely completed and ready for use within one month after the first work was begun. If this condition is not fulfilled, the money will go toward the establishment of a home for blind and feeble-minded cats.

The plans for the gymnasium were drawn up by Mr. Percival Samuel Framington, and are magnificent in every detail. The chief feature of the structure will be the frieze of tiny cupids floating around the entire buildings, with the largest group gathered at the entrance to the front door.

Students will be compelled to (Continued on page 4)

Bigboy Sextette Opens Season in Burst of Song

The six singing sewers began what would appear to be a highly successful season last Saturday under the guidance of their sponsor and instructor, Dr. Harry A. Bigboy. All members were present for their initial instructions and burst forth into song all during the lesson.

This class coached by Dr. Bigboy is the fourteenth such class, and this year seems to be his most successful. At present the members are crocheting gardenias to be placed on the front walks to add to the appearance of the campus. This will be the main project of the year.

(Continued on page 4)

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Orchids to Dear Flowerybutter

For weeks and weeks, nay, even months, G. S. C. W. students have looked forward to the time in the far off future when they would be privileged to attend a midnight matinee while they were going to school here. And the opportunity finally arrived.

They were not disappointed in their old friend, Mr. "Boots" Adams, and he was such a builder-upper of drooping spirits over the week-end when he invited the entire student body—the ones who stayed her for the weekend—to attend the midnight movie as his guests.

They all ambled down at the appointed hour of ten forty-five, and just as nonchalantly ambled down to their reserved seats. The chaperones were all smiles over the thoughts of their charges being entertained at a midnight movie.

But the orchids all go to Dean Flowerybutter for the arrangements for the entertainment. He really instigated the whole thing, we think, and then after it was all over took the whole crowd to the drug store and bought them a drink—of water. Whattaman!

Really, he deserves many thanks for his interest in the affair, and we are taking this method of thanking him publicly. It was so kind of him to see to all the arrangements.

Emory's chapter of Phi Delta Theta drew the spot-light of publicity last week when one of the members held the perfect bridge hand—13 spades. For a wonder he bid it calmly and correctly, achieving a score of 2490. (Not vulnerable!)

Girls, it is interesting to note that the Clemson boys are becoming "matrimony conscious." Last week's Tiger contains a very touching editorial lauding the merits of the newly installed elective course entitled "The American Family."

A professor at the University of Minnesota gives this as the difference between a university and an insane asylum: You have to show improvement to get out of the asylum!

Antheony

(With apologies to no one, not even Shakespeare)

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;

I will return them next Saturday! I come To bury Caesar, because the times are hard And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.

The evil that men do lives after them In the shape of progeny that reaps the Benefit of their life insurance. So let it be with the deceased.

Brutus has told you that Caesar was ambitious; What does Brutus know about it?

It is none of his funeral. I wish it was! Here, under your leave, I come to Make a speech at Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me; He loaned me two-bits once when I was in a pinch

And signed my petition for a postoffice. But Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus should wipe off his chin.

When the poor cried, Caesar wept, Because it didn't cost him anything, and Made him solid with the masses.

Ambition should be ade of sterner stuff, Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.

You all saw that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him with a kingly crown Which thrice he refused, because it did not fit him quite,

Was this ambitious? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye. You all know this coat.

I remember the first time Caesar put it on, It was on a summer's evening in his tent, With the thermometer registering ninety degrees in the shade;

But it was a coat to be proud of, And cost him seven dollars at Marcus Swartzmeyer's.

Corner of Fulton and Ferry Streets, sign of the red flag.

Old Swartz wanted forty dollars for it, But finally came down to seven because it was Caesar!

Was that ambition? How could it be? Look! In this place ran Cassius's dagger through: And when he plucked his steel away, darn the thing.

How the blood of Caesar followed it! I come not friends to steal your hearts away, I am no thief as Brutus is.

Brutus has a monopoly in all that business, And if he had what he deserved, he would be In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it!

Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up To such a flood of mutiny;

And as it looks like rain, The pallbearers will proceed to place the coffin in the hearse,

And we will proceed to bury Caesar, Not to praise him.

—Mercer Bear Skin.

The most hilarious story of the week comes out of the deep southwest, from the University of Texas (Austin) where a young man got an "A" in a course for the first time in his mental career and immediately wired his folks to tell them about it.

To be sprightly, he added humorously that he had suffered a nervous breakdown as a result. Four hours later, a dust covered car skidded up to his fraternity house door and out stumbled his parents.

The lad's "stopless" telegram had read, "Offspring Gets A Nervous Breakdown May Recover."

Are We Guilty?

Perhaps college and university activities furnish one of the most attractive interests of the newspaper of our day; however, the phase of these activities that is stressed forces us to consider the wisdom of this emphasis. The newspaper capitalizes in headlines the fact that a certain university has in its student body this season a young man who is developing into one of the greatest football men of the age! Also the fact that it has secured a certain athletic coach whose qualifications are of far more interest to the average person than the qualifications of new faculty members. Incidentally, it is true that in some schools the salary of the athletic coach equals or exceeds that of the president. Immediately upon the opening of the college year the sports writers carry detailed accounts of potential material for football, basketball, hockey, swimming, and tennis teams—a result of the work of scouts who have been sent by the alumni to various high schools in search of this material. But, whoever heard of an alumni's sending scouts to look for potential literary or scholastic material? Sad to say, not many. Woodrow Wilson in his scholarly essay entitled "What is College For?" suggested that the side show is fast becoming more important than the circus—which is just what this editorial is about.

This interest in the development of the "side show" is fine in its concern with one phase of college life; but however fine it is, there is another side that is supposed to be the reason for the existence of colleges, but which is given so little prestige that we are forced to ask: What, after all, is the main purpose and the chief interest of our universities and colleges today as a means of developing the young man and woman?—Not that this is an original question.

For the past few years magazines have had features on such subjects as "The Place of the College in Modern Life," "College—Then What?"—in fact, these features have been so numerous that one writer entitled an article "What's Right With Our College?"

We feel that the progress of physical education in our schools have been advantageous and that its part in the flexibility of the curriculum has been an important one. We do not deny the desirability of having the athlete in college, for he does much to make college life attractive and interesting, but we protest against his worth's overshadowing that of literary achievement and scholarship. We realize that the "student type" is not always a particularly interesting member of the student body and we are not advocating either phase to the exclusion of the other; we ask merely that the literary and scholastic phase be "played up" as much as the athletic.

We know that the institution is the student, and that not only does it owe service and guidance to the individual but also that the institution must depend for its character upon its individual members. Thus, if students would recognize the need for stressing literary achievement and scholarship, an exceedingly different attitude would develop toward learning.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We found this editorial somewhere and thought it sounded good.

A recent survey conducted under the auspices of the Clemson Tiger proves that college students worry a great deal, in spite of public and College Humor opinion to the contrary. Of the list of topics submitted to unselected groups of seniors and freshmen, the favorite sources of worry were the subjects of grades, failure, and the future with sin, sex and discouragement running close behind. It was found that freshmen worry more than seniors.

Have you heard about Ruth Vinson's soon-to-be-apartment? She and Clarence are making some mighty cute plans for the "daze" after the wedding. The latest report is that Ruthie is worried because everything in the apartment folds up. She has just extended an invitation for some of the Jessies to come up 'tsee them this summer in Indianapolis, so if we're traveling and wander up that far, maybe we'll meet in the folds and enjoy the good old-fashion game of "Sheep" with Ruthie and Clarence.

Someone has accused me of talking all of the time. Ain't that something for a fellow gossip to say? I promised her that I'd give her a break sometime so I 'spose this time is as good as any. After spending the week-end on the campus I'm just filled with ideas for this column but those of us who stayed here have got to stick together so it is with all due respects to them that I close. Oh boy, here I go braggin' again—but am I being a pal or am I being a pal?

I agree with the writer of "that" column in last week's issue of the Colonnade, the one about "readin' around" about Dr. B. . . . I mean Dr. Taylor—making the cutest cracks of anyboy, student or teacher, on the campus. Boy, does he burn 'em up? And I wonder: what the poor visitors think? Well, what would you do if somebody came plain out and said that it was perfectly obvious that your feminine beauty was not the cause of your many honors? You'll have to hand it to the gentleman from Marshallville, though, he turned it off in a swell way. The same way Dr. Wynn turned the tables on the dear dean one day. Remember?

Did you see ole' Katy, Stuck, and Parker making suspicious strokes in a clawing fashion recently? O, er, girls, don't you just love the beach—you know, the gleaming coral strand, etc? That's a hot one—speaking of getting burned up.

People around here are wondering where in the universe all of those white linen coats are coming from (Continued on page 3)

Ima GOSSIP

What's the big reading game that's going on these days on our campus and what part does Miss Steele play in it? Someone told me it is a novel course and by jinks if I'm not beginning to believe that she applied the right adjective in that case. The object of the whole thing is to see who can read ten books before June without going blind and though the prize hasn't been announced I think it should be a pair of glasses so the winner of the contest may everafter enjoy a new insight into literature that will eventually be the result of this experience. The whole thing is really quite a racket and though I don't mean the girls read aloud, many of them do keep their roommates awake with the amount of light that is necessary to shed upon the subject. Rooms are never dark until eleven and those who don't care to play the game toss and turn in their beds while those who are active in this novel game read their way beside the roommate's boulevard of broken dreams. Wonder if Margaret Garbutt is on the winning side. The way she took up for the girl who hadn't read but three books when the scorekeeper marked her down can't be defeated.

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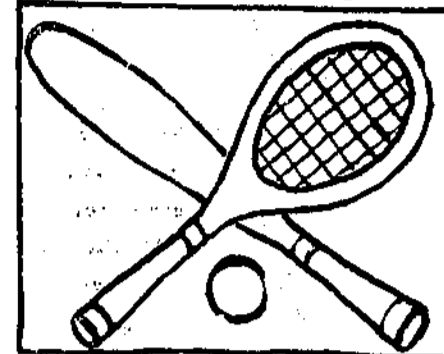
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SPORTS



With May Day over and a glorious week-end marked up on our calendar, I can think of no better way to recuperate than to jump right into these two weeks of tournaments ahead of us. Dot Allen, Celia Freeman, and Billie Jennings have supervised the horse-shoe tournament which is being run off this week. This is the place where all of our less active athletes should break away with the bacon, or the prize or something. Ping-pong players will be busy trying to see who is best in this sport. Better get in practice for your trip abroad this summer.

Have you seen the new tennis courts at Nesbitt Woods? If not, you'd better get yourself down there right away and have a "look-see." There's a treat in store for you. You'll love to play down there, now you can depend on the balls bouncing according to tennis ethics instead of rock piles.

May 28 is the date for the presentation of the class cup and color cup. Who'll be lucky this time? Things look pretty close too. The installation of officers also comes on that day. Gee, we hate to see the "old" officers leave us. They've worked so hard getting our organization started—and a grand job they did, too. We make our best bow to them and with sincerity say, "Thanks a lot."

Mr. Adams, of the Campus theatre, is giving us a break. On Monday and Tuesday, May 27 and 28, he's allowing the recreation association to sell tickets for the picture, "Star of Midnight" with Bill Powell and Ginger Rogers. It's full of peppy music, fashionable clothes, and has a fascinating plot. Powell is a dashing millionaire bachelor of Park Avenue who tries to solve the mystery of the disappearance of an opera star who had broken box office records for weeks. You'll like it better than "The Thin Man" or "Roberta."

We're counting on you to help us put this sport. Don't let us down! At last it's come. I mean that long-sought-for tennis match between the faculty and the students. The line-up for the faculty includes such stars as Miss Rosabel Burch, Miss Angela Kitzinger, Dr. Salley, and Dr. McGee—all of them mighty hard to down. But, take heart, girls, our own set-up is not bad; not bad at all. From the freshman class we have Sue Thomason who swings a mean racket. The juniors are represented by two mighty "racketeers," namely, Katie Roberts and Caroline Weddington. The seniors offer their "lone-star" Billie Jennings.

Dear Miss Yvonne, This time it's a question of flying—among the fleecy clouds, etc. I know you've guessed it by now. I'm one of the many residents of the famous penthouse. Right! No screens—cute little windows but no bars for landing planes. Say, now, something's got to be done. I spend nearly all of my time swatting airplanes, dirigibles, and all kinds of soaring objects—in fact, I often make the mistake of hitting one of the local residents, Marmaduke, Archibald, Percival, Reginald, and so on through the kingdom. These are but enough without even considering the many occasional visits of strangers guided by the light of the student globe. What I want to know is what in the world are we going to do. This flying corps around here is bombarding the locality. Now, I ask ya: whatcha' gonna' do in a case like that?

Buggy Bertha. Flying is getting to be the favorite indoor sport! Contact! And up goes the "flying young bug on the darling trapeze." Say, why not get Archibald started on a non-stop flight. Anything to rid the vicinity of that stunt flying. And that includes no provision for parachutes, confusion about pulling cords, etc. Why not resort to those energetic bottles which all of these Biology students cart around. When a bug makes a three-point landing in one of those bottles, you need never worry again. Listen, Bertha, come down off your perch and try a first floor room. Dizzy heights spell danger for all concerned.

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We're counting on you to help us put this sport. Don't let us down! At last it's come. I mean that long-sought-for tennis match between the faculty and the students. The line-up for the faculty includes such stars as Miss Rosabel Burch, Miss Angela Kitzinger, Dr. Salley, and Dr. McGee—all of them mighty hard to down. But, take heart, girls, our own set-up is not bad; not bad at all. From the freshman class we have Sue Thomason who swings a mean racket. The juniors are represented by two mighty "racketeers," namely, Katie Roberts and Caroline Weddington. The seniors offer their "lone-star" Billie Jennings.

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Paper Staff Walks Out in A Body

(Continued from page 1)

bers.

The editor, barricaded in her room against the more angry Colonnaders, has refused to make any statement. She refuses to answer any questions asked by any members of the journalism class and says she will give out the real truth tomorrow in a copyrighted article. Some information from her has been gained from next door neighbors which would seem to lead to the lead for the story tomorrow.

She has been pacing the floor frantically for these here thirty hours and moaning over and over something about her foot. Or maybe it was her head. Methinks Little Audrey had more to do with this than one would imagine. Perhaps it was she who dropped the typewriter on the editor's foot and is the cause of all those muttered threats that have been coming from the vicinity of the editor's barricaded doors.

The associate, Little Audrey, has not issued a statement at the present time, but her roommates have told the facts of a case—whether it is this case or not the writer is unable to say—that would be flashed on the headlines of all classified ad sections in Podunk.

The roommates told a roving neophyte journalist this morning that Little Audrey had been slowly but surely dominated by the editor for the past three weeks and she was afraid of losing her poisenality if she remained near her any longer. The dramatic walk-out was staged by the acolytes of Miss Reed and those of Little Audrey, and a tie was declared between the two factions, both reaching the door at the same time. There are no disagreeable feelings between them.

Rumors have been floating around the campus the past weeks—they're 99 and 47 per cent pure, that's why they float—about the editor and her associate. The disagreement first started over jealousy of the associate about the editor's supposedly copying the way she fixes her hair. Still, others say that the trouble started when the favorite cub on the staff, an ardent admirer of the editor, threw a typewriter at the associate. She missed, and two windows was broken and the cub was cut rather badly by flying glass.

35-36 Coures Promise To Be Inspirational

(Continued from page 1)

clock; there shall be no sleep-walking regardless of hiking classes; and the committee on Normal Situations will immediately ship anyone who talks or sings in his sleep. We believe in developing dormant possibilities but we flatly refuse even scant consideration except in wide-awake situations.

Horn-tooting is greatly encouraged, in fact, advanced as an important study. Everyone of course will have to buy no horns as we all have our own but we will be instructed in how to toot our own horns intelligently. "He who tooteth not his own horn; horn getteth not tooteth." Gabriel may produce a sickly grin when he receives the notes of all this competition but after all, the keys to success are near at hand. All right, world, get set—everybody tune in! All numbers answered upon request.

One of the most sadly lacking training courses on this campus is letter-writing. Special training will be given all "ink-slingers." The person who can write a letter and forget to remember a P. S. will pass the course by a mere paragraph or two, but anyone who dares to inconspicuously print a R. S. V. P. at the bottom of a letter will receive his paper with the remark "Enclosed find salutation" on the outside and "Yours truly flunked" on the inside.

Somebody strongly advised singing lessons, that is, for the faculty members. Heretofore, we have all either yelled together or hummed distractfully. The results were woeiful. We reached altitude but volumes four and five were missing. (Meadows and Sidney). If we get off pitch, we'll let McGee throw next. Nevertheless, the Board of Flunkies has defined music in terms of rhythm—"What's the Reason?" When we have a speaker; when the speaker becomes encouraged by a dead silence and proceeds with the lecture, it will be "Aw, go 'Way and Let Me Sleep"; and if the speaker even dares to begin with a salutation to the sea of beautiful faces, we'll promptly chorus in with

Since that time she has turned against the editor.

Although no definite action has been taken by anyone yet, some energetic member of the journalism class will start some when she breaks into the editor's or the associate's room to get the inside of the story. If the stories are true about their tempers, the cub will get not only the inside of the story, but the inside of a grave in the cemetery.

Dr. Wyndyman Hailed In Court

(Continued from page 1)

and at one time seemed to be weakening. The demonstrations put on by the spectators in the court room greatly added to the enjoyment of the trial.

As the defendant stated, he was walking down the street when he was accosted by what he first thought was a total stranger. He was invited to enter into the game of tiddley winks, and at first refused. The stranger then waved a gun menacingly in his face and ordered him to begin the game at once. As they moved down the street and got where the light was good, they both recognized each other.

Dr. Wyndyman started as he recognized the face of one of his college mates, and the other laughed. At the trial the defendant refused to say just why it was that he was compelled to enter into the game against his will, but led his listeners to believe it was something in his college career that he did not want revealed.

He acted rather sheepishly, and after the trial was given into the hands of the jury, the judge ordered him locked up until more evidence could be found about his past.

Dr. Wyndyman left the courtroom screaming threats against the judge and muttering something about seeing his lawyers. However, at the present time, he is not allowed any company at all, so he will have to see his lawyers later.

"Lookie, Lookie, Lookie"; now listen, if he pulls a joke we've heard a hundred times, everybody don't forget "Why Haven't I Told You."

The eating course was included in the curriculum as food for thought. There will be no biscuit throwing nor ringing doughnuts on salt shakers (maybe, we'll have doughnuts). And the first person who heatedly demands whipped cream on his strawberries may expect a curdling rejoinder in nature's own way. . . . Everybody will be required to dress every evening for supper in shirts and skirts, and the first person who comes in on "spikes" will be minus about four inches of stickability. There will be no race for reinforcement; everyone will eat his meal and with both hands on the table. Anybody who kicks somebody else under the table will be sent to the

Seniors Come to Front With New Freedom

(Continued from page 1)

Mickey Mouse.

Students whose names appear on the Dean's list may attend the show once a week in the college auditorium on Saturday night if they have a card signed and are chaperoned by two students who are flunking at least two courses.

All students will be permitted to attend the midnight shows and may cut the first class of the morning in order to have the proper number of hours to sleep.

Freshmen and sophomores will be required to attend at least one class per week. Upperclassmen may attend classes at their leisure, not to exceed more than twice weekly.

Students who attend more than one meal daily will be asked to pay an additional fee. Breakfast will be served in bed upon request.

Every room will be equipped with an extension bedside telephone and a radio. Study hall will be for twenty minutes each night if it does not interfere with excellent radio programs.

Students will be urged to visit home or friends each week-end. For those who remain there will be a weekly dance in the library.

Parallel reading of any sort will be strictly forbidden in the library. It is to be reserved for light reading such as "Life." It will be in use at least once a week for dances. It will also be furnished with upholstered reclining chairs for recuperation from the dances.

During their four years attendance students will be required to attend church once on the occasion of the baccalaureate sermon delivered to their senior class.

New Pool To Be Finished Next Month

(Continued from page 1)

wear bathing suits furnished by the college, in order to carry out the color scheme designed by Mr. Framington to wield other dogs. There your wows may be conducted with a dash of pepper and mustard. If you still insist on kicking, everything will be taken with a grain of salt.

The Board of Flunkies leave these courses open for revision with an eye for tomorrow's vision.

Bigboy Sextet Opens Season With Songs

(Continued from page 1)

Dr. Bigboy is an accomplished sewer and has won many prizes at county fairs and other exhibits. Sometime during the present season he will hold a private exhibition of all his works. Only those receiving invitations written on gray stationery and with purple ink, Dr. Bigboy's favorite combination, can be assured of receiving authentic invitations, and those are the only ones who will be welcomed.

Dr. Bigboy stated this morning to a new member of the staff, or in plain English, the writer, that he owes all his success to eating spinach. He said that it gave him vim, vigor, and vitality at all times, no matter how tired he might be or how many gardenias he had made that day.

Dr. Bigboy will leave the city of institutions next week never to return. He says the climate does not agree with this erratic idea about the fascination of sewing. His artistic temperament will not permit him to stay in such a place any longer, nor will his conscience allow him to stay where the spinach is not so good.

The students in the class cried this morning when told their teacher would not be back after next week.

ington. On Tuesdays, all students will wear lavender suits; on Wednesdays, green suits; Thursdays, the color scheme will be pink, on the other four days, every student must wear a suit in the colors adopted by her class at the first of the year.

Classes in plain and fancy swimming will be held each morning under the direction of the members of the health faculty. No diving will be allowed unless the student has a permit from home, stating that the parents have no objection to the practice.

Mr. Framington and his staff of assistants have worked for months on the plans for the pool and their labors will be rewarded in the magnificent spectacle of the finished building. They will all be present at the dedication of the pool in the middle of June, and take a prominent part in the elaborate exercises that are being planned for the occasion.

CAMPUS Theatre Milledgeville

Monday and Tuesday, May 20-21
RUDY VALLEE in
"SWEET MUSIC"
With Ann Dvorak, Helen Morgan.
9 Stars — 100 girls.

Wednesday, May 22
—ON THE STAGE—
THE BIG CORAL REVUE
"TROPICAL NIGHTS"
8 Big Vaudeville Acts
—ON THE SCREEN—
Myrna Loy, Carey Grant in
"WINGS IN THE DARK"

Thursday, May 23rd
Return Engagement
"THE THIN MAN"
With William Powell and
Myrna Loy

Friday, May 24th
SHIRLEY TEMPLE in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"

Bell's



Visit our . . .

BEAUTY SHOPPE

(Second floor)

—New equipment

—Three expert operators

—Moderate prices

Wednesday, May 29th

CASH For Your
TEXT BOOKS

Whether Used At G. S. C. W. or Not

Wednesday, May 29th

BUYER AT

SNOW'S LAUNDRY

"THE SOUTH'S FINEST"